"RED SUNDAY" ON CANVAS.

A HUGE PAINTING WHICH IS INTERESTING EUROPE.

It Shows the Massacre in St. Petersburg Last January, When Father Gapon Led the Working People to the Winter Palace, and Is by Albert De Kossak.

LONDON, Dec. 8.—A huge painting, a canvas 30 feet long by 16 feet high, is attracting a stream of people to the Graves Galleries in Pall Mall. It comes to London from Vienna, where 2,000 people went to see it daily. "Red Sunday" is the name of the work, and its painter is Albert de Kossak.

"Red Sunday" was January 22, 1905, the day on which the toiling masses of St. Petersburg, weary of being deceived and mocked by the bureaucracy, sought to bring their misery to the personal notice of their Little Father, the Czar of all the Russias. Led by Father Gapon they went in their thousands.

A FIGURE OUT OF "RED SUNDAY."

In the immense square in front of the Winter Palace they saw, drawn up before their Little Father's house, his soldiers, and without delay or warning of any kind the foot soldiers delivered his welcome—three murderous volleys. And while the helpless folk still stood in their first daze of utter bewilderment, while their wounded still writhed in their first sharp agony, ere the bodies of their dead had time to lie at rest, the Little Father's horse soldiers were hurled upon them, slashing them with sabres and trampling them under foot.

That event, red on the page of history as was then the people's blood on the snow, is the subject of Kossak's picture. Although not present at the time, the artist hastened to St. Petersburg on hearing of the happenings. He made studies on the spot and got particulars from eyewitnesses, and this graphic presentment is the result.

Of works of this kind one does not, perhaps, demand much more than that they shall be reasonably convincing. "Red Sunday" is convincing, terribly convincing, and the more so because the painter has been careful to avoid all that savors of cheap sensationalism.

There are no ghastly wounds, no horrible distortions, nothing that distracts attention from the big facts, and these are conveyed so forcibly that the spectator's feeling is rather that of one who actually participates in the scene than that of one who merely beholds it depicted on canvas. The illusory effect is surprisingly good. The scene is, of course, the square on which the Winter Palace faces, and the procession has reached the lofty column in the centre of that great square—the column bearing aloft the statue of the Angel of Peace. The centre of the square is also the centre of the picture, and all about the column's base are the people, brought to a standstill, decimated by the startling volleys from the infantry drawn up in line before the palace, on the right of the picture.

The bullets have played their part, and into the dense ranks of the crowd now ride the dragoon guards. The leading squadron has just reached the people. Above their heads you see the fierce faces of the troopers, the lifted sabres and plunging horses.

Opposed to these, at the head of the people, stands Father Gapon, holding high a great crucifix; and a trooper's horse swerves to avoid the resolute man. Still more conspicuous, in the foreground of the picture is a frenzied workman, aflame with enthusiasm, tearing apart his dress to bare his breast to the bullets.

Behind these is the crowd—a priest with an ikon, shrinking beneath a descending sabre; a mother crouching over her children; an old man supporting a dying girl; men, women and children thrown in a huddle, starting apart, turning to flee, begging for mercy, bending over prostrate forms, waving banners wildly, or stock still in amazement or fear. Scattered about where they fell, staining the snow with their blood, are the wounded and dead.

Here a student breaks out of the ranks, and there, at the left, is another, seized by the police. From over at the back, at the left, the police are rushing up, and people turn from the sabres of the dragoons to the revolvers of the police.

Above is the high, clear sky. Across the foreground is the shadow of a cloud, but further away the sunlight lies soft and bright on the snow and on the house of the Little Father. It was a fine day; a day that brought out all the children. Twenty-six children fell dead when the Little Father's soldiers fired.

Such are the doings commemorated by Albert de Kossak, a man possessing special qualifications for carrying this kind of undertaking to a successful issue. Born in Paris in 1857, the son of Jules Kossak, the Polish painter and teacher, and the godson of Horace Vernet, he was associated with art from his early days. He was trained in Paris and Munich, and, naturally enough, in the stirring history of his own country, Poland, he found subjects congenial to his brush.

Having devoted himself to the painting of military subjects, he also made practical acquaintance with a soldier's life, becoming an officer in the Austrian cavalry. Several of his pictures were bought by the Emperor Francis Joseph, and the soldier-painter's fame spread to other European countries.

Commissioned from Berlin to paint the "Crossing of the Beresina" in the form of a panorama, he did so with such success that the work brought him to the notice of the Kaiser, whose favorite war painter he then and there became. For nine years De Kossak worked almost exclusively for the Kaiser, being present at all the reviews and manœuvres and receiving many marks of signal favor. The Berliners soon learned when they saw the Kaiser riding along with his staff that the officer of the Austrian lancers was the Kaiser's favorite painter.

Had Albert de Kossak not been a Pole he would probably still be riding about after the Kaiser. Being a Pole, however, he loved his country, and presently there came a time when the anti-Polish policy inaugurated by Bismarck and for a while abandoned was again taken up and vigorously prosecuted.

Then the position of the painter called to glorify the army of a country endeavoring to terminate the national existence of his own people became a difficult one, and when the Kaiser delivered his aggressive speech against the Poles at Marienburg, De Kossak left Berlin, giving up many exceptional advantages which he owed to his imperial patron's favor.

He settled in Vienna, where he is now much esteemed by the old Emperor, popular with the army and appreciated by his brother artists. He is a Knight of the Order of Francis Joseph, of the Red Eagle of Prussia and of the French Legion of Honor. At Munich, Vienna and Berlin he has won gold medals. Taking all things into consideration, Albert de Kossak is a fortunate person—for a painter. Doubtless he is not undeserving, but the same may be said of many other painters to whom honors come only after they have long been dead.

MODEST STEPHEN SALISBURY.

HIS SHYNESS, GENEROSITY AND LOVE AFFAIRS.

Traits of the Man Who Left $3,000,000 to the Art Museum of Worcester, Mass.—A Confirmed Bachelor After Being Twice Prevented From Marrying.

Stephen Salisbury, who died recently and left $3,000,000 to the art museum of Worcester, Mass., was one of the most retiring and unassuming of men. He was never more uncomfortable than when being praised or thanked.

Modesty about himself, his possessions and his benevolences was a fad with him; indeed, it may be said to have amounted almost to an affectation, although certainly the only one he had. A short time before his death half a dozen persons were talking in his presence of a Worcester charity, and one of them happened to remark that he understood that Mr. Salisbury's contribution was $5,000. Lyman Ely, Mr. Salisbury's confidential agent and friend, who knew the facts and also Mr. Salisbury's repugnance to having them made public, overheard the remark and hastened to his chief's assistance.

"If the check could be seen, $500 would be nearer the correct figure," he said.

Mr. Salisbury had been an embarrassed listener. After a pause, he said with the slow drawl that was one of his most pronounced characteristics:

"My impression is that the check was nearer $50 than any other sum."

Mr. Salisbury's forebears were Unitarians. He himself was a pillar of the old First Unitarian Church. When in Worcester he always attended church on Sunday.

This ancient parish still maintains the custom of selling its pews outright to parishioners. Mr. Salisbury owned a dozen or more of the undesirable ones and paid the annual taxes on them, unless some one turned up who wanted to rent them.

For years he annually presented five persons in the church with life memberships in the American Unitarian Association, and he attended the church picnics and the church May breakfasts and theatricals with the utmost conscientiousness.

It has been said, and probably with truth, that no one ever applied to Mr. Salisbury for help without receiving it, generally in measure far exceeding the original demand. The owner of much real estate, he would lower the rents of his apartments for no other reason than that his tenants had been with him a long time.

When the late Jonas Clark of Worcester made his will he tied his money up in such a way that Clark University could not get a cent of it till the institution was actually started and in running order. Seeing the dilemma of the trustees caused by this provision, Mr. Salisbury put his hand into his pocket and brought out $25,000, thus enabling Clark University to get itself started.

People with tickets to sell and subscription lists to fill found in him a friend. A young woman who was trying to get up a subscription lecture for a struggling woman artist of Boston and Worcester went to see him about it. She said she hoped to sell 100 tickets at $1 each.

"How many do you want me to take?" asked Mr. Salisbury. "Would five be enough?"

"I shall feel very much obliged if you will take five," responded the young woman promptly.

Mr. Salisbury thought a minute. Then: "If you can find any one to use them I will pay for ten," he said in his unemotional, exceedingly deliberate voice, "and you can send four to me."

At the conclusion of the lecture he took it on himself to see the young woman and ask her how many tickets were sold.

"Eighty-eight," she said.

Mr. Salisbury made his customary pause; then he drawled out:

"Well, I think it would be a pity not to make it a round hun red. I will pay for the other twelve tickets."

Horseback riding was one of his greatest pleasures. He went for a ride on the Sunday morning he was taken ill. Flowers he loved. Music, and especially sacred music, he was fond of, but his tastes were rather old fashioned and ran to pieces with tunes to them.

He was especially fond of the harp, which his mother used to play, and it was largely through his sentimental attachment to this instrument that Edmund and Heinrich Schuecker, the brother harpists of Chicago and Boston, appeared again and again at the Monster Music Festival.

He also had a pronounced taste for amateur theatricals, when he knew the amateurs and they were good amateurs. He took great delight in the acting of a certain young woman in his church.

Once a play was to be produced in which some handsome flowers were needed as a property. With considerable diffidence she called on him and told him what she had come for.

"I shall be only too glad to send the flowers," was Mr. Salisbury's reassuring answer, "particularly as it will remind me of the date, so that I can be there myself. And I hope you will always let me know when you are to act."

From that time on he always sent her flowers when he knew in time of her appearances, and always went to see them.

Strangers to whom he was pointed out as Worcester's richest man were often amazed at the plainness of his dress and speech. One reason why he had so much to give away was that he spent so little on himself.

His reason for leaving nothing to Clark University was that it catered only to the culture of a chosen few. The bulk of his fortune went to the Art Museum "for all the people of Worcester."

Although Mr. Salisbury never married he had many affairs of the heart. One of his early loves was a young woman who came to Worcester with her mother and sister many, many years ago. They were charming Southern women, poor, but well connected, and the gayety and brilliancy they imparted to social entertainments opened the eyes of the quiet New Englanders of those days. And then—they left Worcester, owing everybody.

Mr. Salisbury was then 24 or 25 years old. His father opposed his proposed marriage on the ground that if he married one daughter he would have the whole family on his hands. The young man listened to reason and gave up his plan of marrying the Southern girl.

Later he fell in love with a widow. About the time the announcement of an engagement was expected the widow died suddenly. It has been said that Stephen Salisbury then forever lost his youth. At all events he ceased to attend social entertainments, and seemed to settle down into an acceptance of bachelorhood as his future lot. He is said to have said that he was afraid to marry, fearing that then his money would be the only attraction.

JUSTICE GAYNOR PAID.

Imposed a Fine of $100 on a Poor Farmer and Then Drew a Check.

The announcement of Justice W. J. Gaynor's recent purchase of the Col. Clinton H. Smith farm at St. James, L. I., was pleasant news to the farmers in the rural regions embraced by the district in which he holds court. He is very popular with farmers, because they know that he was a farmer boy himself and that he has sympathy with farmers.

One instance of this sympathy occurred at a term of court at which he presided in Newburgh a few years ago. A farmer from the back country was charged with having offered for sale milk which fell below the standard set by law.

The accused was a poor, wrinkled and toil worn specimen of humanity. He protested that he had not diluted the lacteal fluid and was inclined to blame the cows for not producing the goods.

Their shortcomings did not help his case any and he was convicted by the jury of the offence charged against him. Justice Gaynor imposed a fine of $100.

Later in the day Justice Gaynor called County Clerk William G. Taggart to him and said:

"Mr. Clerk, I desire to pay that poor old farmer's fine, but as I do not want it so to appear I will ask you to give me your check for $100 and I will give you mine. The amount is more than this man can afford to pay. I know how hard it is to eke a living from a stony little farm, for I lived on one as a boy up at Skeeterboro, in Oneida county, and if some one had imposed a fine of $100 on my father the payment of it would have crippled him for years. So I will help this old fellow out, and you and I will say nothing about it to any one."

Thus Justice Gaynor paid the fine that he had himself imposed, and it was not until long after—when Mr. Taggart's term of office had expired—that the County Clerk told the story. This is only one of many acts of kindness by which Justice Gaynor has won the affection of those who dwell in farming communities. They are glad therefore that he has bought a farm and that for a part of the time in every year he will be a farmer as well as a Judge. It pleases them also to think of him as laying aside his judicial dignity to get the hay in or fix the fences or drive the cows home.

WHEN "A FUSE BLOWS OUT,"

Sit Still, You're Safe—What Really Happens Is in the Controller.

One may read almost any day of people becoming frightened and getting hurt in trolley and elevated railroad cars because "fuses burn out." As a matter of fact, no one is ever hurt except in the rush to escape.

Asked what he would do if a "fuse blew out" in a car in which he was riding, the master electrician of one of the biggest car shops in New York said:

"I'd sit still if I were lucky enough to have a seat, and look out of the window, or look out that some excited person did not smash my hat.

"In the first place, fuses do not burn out nor blow out in electric cars, because there are no fuses. Years ago the rail current passed through a lead wire that melted and burned with a brilliant flame when the pressure became too great. That scared passengers, so it was done away with. Now a fusible wire, packed in asbestos and incased in a fibre cylinder, serves the same purpose. When it "blows out" no one but the motorman knows it.

"Where the trolley feed enters the car going to the motors a magnet and spring that break the connection when the power is too heavy have displaced the fuse. The only fuses are in the lighting circuits, and when they burn out it amounts to no more than the striking of a match. But when the spring and magnet let go there is sometimes a very bright flash and a report as loud as a pistol shot. That is merely the breaking of the current, and is a certain indication that if any danger previously existed it is all over.

"What really happens when the reporters write about 'fuse blowing out' is the short circuiting of the controller. That is a serious matter only because controllers cost money and the pyrotechnic display scares passengers and results sometimes in injuries that bring about claims against the company.

"The controller is the iron box, about six by fifteen inches and three feet high, before which the motorman stands. The iron box is insulated from the floor of the car. Inside is a cylinder with copper teeth that carries the current from the trolley pole or the third rail. Because of the possibility of their burning out and making trouble, the inside mechanism is insulated very heavily. Each controller is carefully looked over before the car goes out, and the slightest wear or fault is corrected. But once in a long time a bit of carbon dust or worn metal will get into such a position as to form a conductor where there should be none, and the two currents come into contact. Then there's no way to prevent a display of fireworks except by lifting the shoe from the third rail or pulling down the trolley pole, but it is all over so soon that the conductor seldom has time to apply that remedy.

"The instant the two currents come together arcs are formed which in a very small space produce heat sufficiently intense to fuse the copper, iron and carbon of the parts inside the controller. The controller box is not tightly closed, for if it were the generation of gases inside would explode it and the fragments flying might do serious harm—hence from every crevice comes a stream of brilliant light, harmless, but alarming.

"This display cannot cease till a hole is burned through the iron of the controller box, which breaks the circuit. This is nearly always accomplished within a minute.

"While the burning out of a controller is spectacular there is only one actual danger, and that so slight as to be unworthy of consideration. A person within three feet of the box might get his clothes scorched and when the iron of the box fuses the sparks might burn holes in his clothing.

"The only way a car can catch fire is from the heaters. A short circuited heater might form an arc near enough to the woodwork to set it aflame, but it would be a tiny blaze, preceded by smoke that would give ample warning."

THE LATEST AND FAVORITE PORTRAIT OF THE KAISER.

LONDON'S POVERTY PARADE.

IMPRESSIONS OF AN AMERICAN WORKMAN WHO SAW IT.

Hopeless, Poverty Stricken Condition of the Workers of Merry England—Things That Might Be Remedied—Situation of Mechanics on the Continent Better.

LONDON, Dec. 8.—An American workman who witnessed the procession of 9,000 of London's half starving unemployed through the streets of the West End the other day brings to the London office of THE SUN the following impressions of this painful feature of metropolitan life:

To-day I had the somewhat rare opportunity for an American mechanic of seeing the army of unemployed of London on their, shall we say, annual parade. Where lives the man who has not read about these ever and anon occurring pilgrimages to the West End?

As I watch the marchers my thoughts fly back to America and its toilers and dwell on the parades and demonstrations I have taken part in myself. My memory reverts to the wars we waged for better conditions and the hardships it entailed upon us.

But, and here I brighten up, so far we have not been compelled to march out in search of bread and pity, and in spite of all disclaimers what else does this appeal amount to? When we did go out it was mostly to show our teeth. Our grievances seem very small indeed, when I look back and try to remember what they were.

I am not forgetting that "distance lends enchantment to the view" and that we are apt to ignore past sufferings. But in this moment America looms up in my eyes as God's own country, and I thank my stars for knowing it as I do. In our worst days our appearance never suggested the poverty and hopeless misery of these fellows.

The parade itself? Well, there is not a great deal to say about it. Young men and old men and middle aged men, all poor looking and starved looking, and mostly small and decrepit. But I for one do not attach so much importance to the question of size as some people do. The strongest, toughest and all round serviceable man is a little man. Anybody that knows anything about hard work will subscribe to that.

A few blackcoated fellows were in the line; they are not called workers here; why I cannot fathom; they are clerks more or less. And I could not help reflecting they would form quite an army themselves should they see fit to expose their plight.

One has only to see the miscellaneous crowds studying the newspaper advertisements to realize what a big percentage of that class are idle from time to time. The bulk of the marchers was made up of that particular aversion of mine, the man in corduroy or moleskin or whatever it is, with a dinky cap and trousers tied up with strings below the knees.

I can never see that outfit without being reminded of all sorts of miserable things, "pubs" and workhouses and doles and what not. Why a man should want to disfigure himself in that way is beyond my understanding.

The saddest feature of the parade was the large contingent of boys and young fellows in the line. Things must be worse than bad when they are out of work. They are cheap, you know.

I suppose to the majority of people there is nothing more disheartening than the sight of a great army of unemployed like this one. But, although it may be from sheer love of being perverse, I cannot feel that way.

My sympathies go with the poor devils that are working. If they were a little better off, we would never hear of these misery exhibitions and subscriptions and soup kitchens.

The workers would take care of their own poor if they were not so confoundedly poor themselves. That is putting it in an indigestible form, I suppose, but what I mean is this:

The workers of merry England who do work are in a hopeless, poverty stricken condition; their existence is so precarious that the least misstep will put them in the same boat as their marching fellows. Judging from observations since coming to England a short time ago, I consider the English workingman's condition worse than the Continental though nominally he is better paid.

After looking into the circumstances of the workers in Germany, Russia and Sweden I cannot conscientiously record their status as favorable, according to American standards, for they cannot save anything. But they are secure and they enjoy life.

Whether it is the frugality and ability to make a little go a long way that gives the peoples of these countries their advantage I am not prepared to say. There probably is something in that, and if so, praise is due the women, who are wonders when it comes to work and management.

But credit is due the employers for contriving to give their men, if not big wages, practically steady employment. And that is what counts in the long run.

One thing that struck me as very favorable was that very few were outside of sick and other benefit societies. I doubt the English as a rule have much in that line to fall back upon.

One need not see much of the workers here to realize that they furnish the worse example of hand to mouth existence. All their buying is done through hawkers and costers. When things flourish they buy the best; at other times the worst will do.

I am not advocating a credit system in shops. But in the first place, if people trade regularly in one place they become known and are trusted when necessary. It is a good thing to be known in other places than the pawnshops. In the second place it is an injustice to shopkeepers and property owners to allow this hawking.

The iniquitous system of housing in London deserves a chapter itself. In this letter I will merely give an idea of the hardship it entails.

The workman is either a householder or a lodger. If he possibly can he will rent a house, partly on speculation and partly for some advantages it brings. Sometimes he is able to relet, sometimes not. Some of his tenants run away without paying and others stay without paying and a few pay. Very often, indeed, he has to pay the whole rent, a matter of from 18 to 25 shillings a week, out of his income of 30 at the best of times. The Continental block buildings may not be ideal places to live in, but they are preferable to the so-called London cottage in its present form.

AN OLD TIME FIRE COMPANY.

Recalled by Finding a Leather Helmet—A Sack and Bucket Brigade.

HARTFORD, Conn., Dec. 16.—A fireman's helmet, a relic of sixty years ago when fires here were fought by a hand bucket brigade, was unearthed here this week in a pile of rubbish. Workmen were busy tearing down part of the old Brower House when Thomas Hahn found the old leather helmet.

The old headpiece is fairly well preserved except that the dragon's head, which makes the top, needs polishing. On the front is a representation of a fire bucket, beneath which is the inscription "Hylas, S. & B." On the back it reads "Organized 1839."

According to ex-Chief Henry J. Eaton of the Hartford Fire Department the helmet belonged to a member of the Hylas Sack and Bucket Company, which was organized in this city on February 27, 1839. John D. Russ was the foreman and the company had forty-five members.

According to the old records of the city the company did splendid duty, especially in the line of parades. No parade was too small for the fire lads to miss, and they marched and countermarched all over the city on every invitation. The members took part in the parade at the time of the funeral of President Harrison in 1843.

The company continued to do active duty until December, 1861, when the present paid fire department succeeded it. Four of its members are still living.

A NEW ART BORN OF THE SEA.

MARINE MOSAICS BY COLE BRIGHAM ON VIEW.

Made of Pebbles and Shells Picked Up on the Beach—Novel and Striking Effects in Windows, Lamps and Panels—An Art Originated at Shelter Island.

A line of industry in art not known to many people outside the pale of its origin has lately been brought to the attention of a wider circle of interested persons here in New York. It is, as so many movements which have proved themselves worth while have been, an outgrowth of a close and appreciative observance of natural conditions immediately at hand by an open mind artistically bent.

Shelter Island, where once

——wiser than his age,
The Lord of Shelter scorned the bigot's rage,

may give its name to this new development of artistic application, which has attracted the attention of some of the many yachtsmen who yearly visit the spacious bays between Long Island's eastern jaws. "Marine mosaics" or "amarines," their Shelter Island originator calls them for want of better terms, but they are certain to find happier names.

Cole Brigham, a native of the island, whose family is interested in the Greenport shipyards across the bay, with which all New York yacht club cruisers are familiar, came back to Shelter Island from a course of art study in Paris to restore his delicate health on his native hills and shingle. The sea girt shores of Shelter had a surprise for him and for those whose eyes he was later to open.

"They gathered all their daintiest roseleaf shells in handfuls and threw them to him on the beaches, along with whiffs of the salt sea air that was to make him well again," exclaimed a visitor to whom this odd Shelter Island work of Mr. Brigham has newly been revealed here in town.

More prosaically, Mr. Brigham saw in his wanderings along shore a new beauty in the shells and stones, the minerals and worn glasses, cast upon the beaches and turned over and over by the tides until in the chemistry of nature they disclosed fresh hues and in their shapes revealed possibilities of form combination that appealed to the artist's mind. He could see in them color pictures not on canvas, as it is said sculptors see a statuette in a marble block.

He took what are carelessly called the commonest stones or shells of the shore, and, using them in their natural state or cut and polished for his occasions, set them in a natural cement in forms of beauty. He learned that many of these common things which are usually regarded as opaque allow a rare radiance tinged with their several hues to be diffused in a sheltered apartment if light is placed behind them, and of this translucence he determined to take advantage.

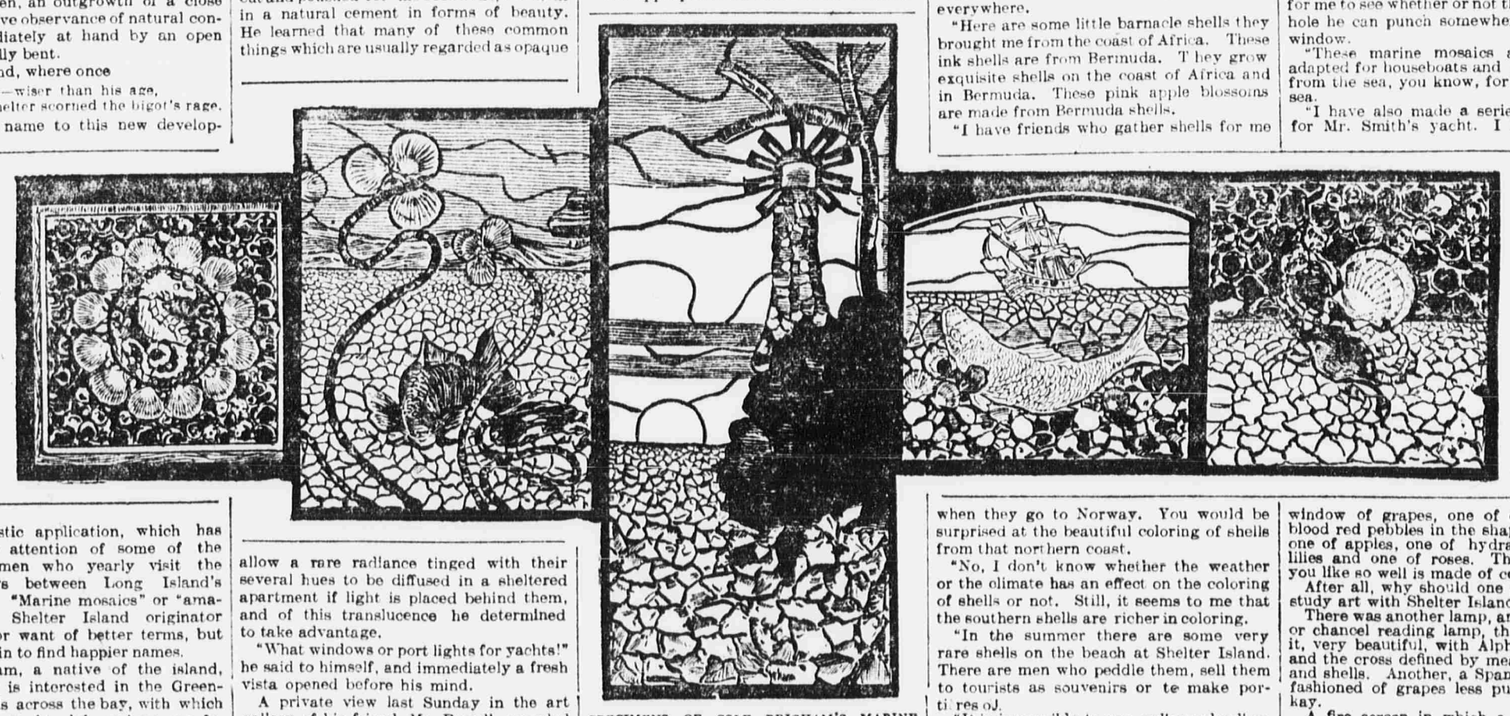
"What windows or port lights for yachts!" he said to himself, and immediately a fresh vista opened before his mind.

A private view last Sunday in the art gallery of his friend Mr. Powell revealed to a company of visitors some of the odd and varied compositions he has been enabled to produce by applying these natural forms and colors to artistic purposes.

A shell or pebble on a seashore, humid with salt tears, sometimes delicately pink as the ear of a girl, is always beautiful, but cemented flat against white glass with a bright light back of it—best of all the light of the sun—it diffuses a radiance of the shore and brings a glint of the sea that in a screen or lamp may be prized by the winter bound, and in a yacht window seems refreshingly fitting.

Two of the yachtsmen who have felt the appeal of Mr. Brigham's art are Will Gillette, the actor, and F. M. Smith—Forty-Mule Team Smith—who spends much of the summer about Shelter Island. One of the accompanying illustrations, that with the fish and the ancient ship, is taken from a companionway light of Mr. Gillette's houseboat, the Aunt Polly. The illustration, in the style of the *art nouveau*, with a trefoil of flower petals made of scallop shells surmounting a long curling stem of a sea plant which rises from among the fishes, is taken from a marine mosaic on Mr. Smith's steam yacht Hauoli.

The appropriate and sometimes fascinating colors of these curious works must be imagined. A few subjects have been chosen to give an idea of them in outline.



SPECIMENS OF COLE BRIGHAM'S MARINE MOSAICS.

The illustration picturing a crab gripping a scallop is of a port light, or window for a porthole, as is that depicting a seahorse made of shells, in water shown by translucent pebbles. In the other illustration, the lighthouse made of pebbles, with its tall tower and light and conventional rays outshining from the lamp, suggests what the artist does in more ambitious schemes with his strange media.

On a beach in the summertime the pebbles catch all the colors of rainbows, but who save an artist who had listened to the sea would think of turning a handful of seaborn pebbles into a bunch of grapes to gleam through the light of a reading lamp on a table in New York?

There was a little hanging lamp at the private view made entirely of pebbles. They were of a rich, soft, reddish hue, with the light showing through. They had something the look of soft ripe apples.

"My friends are very much interested in my work," the artist said on Sunday. "They bring me shells and pebbles from everywhere.

"Here are some little barnacle shells they brought me from the coast of Africa. These ink shells are from Bermuda. They grow exquisite shells on the coast of Africa and in Bermuda. These pink apple blossoms are made from Bermuda shells.

"I have friends who gather shells for me when they go to Norway. You would be surprised at the beautiful coloring of shells from that northern coast.

"No, I don't know whether the weather or the climate has an effect on the coloring of shells or not. Still, it seems to me that the southern shells are richer in coloring.

"In the summer there are some very rare shells on the beach at Shelter Island. There are men who peddle them, sell them to tourists as souvenirs or te make portires of.

"It is impossible to use ordinary leading, such as most mosaic artists use, in this work of mine. I use a cement. My uncle has used it for one thing and another for twenty years or more, which proves its durability, but it is a secret of our family. You couldn't cement pebbles with lead.

"I use a little stained glass in my work, but not much—only where a perfectly flat surface is necessary. I attain an almost flat surface with split pebbles. There are those who make a business of splitting them scientifically.

"See this beetle, for example. The wings are made of transparent pebbles.

"Now look at this blackberry lantern. The berries are made of little purple and red and white pebbles, so small that they are not too large for the lobes of the fruit. I have some of those split for me.

"This hydrangea screen is made of shells from the South African coast, but this panel is made of common scallop shells from Shelter Island. Yes, it is quite as beautiful.

"Here is a school of fish made of split pebbles. It is a decoration for Mr. Gillette's houseboat, the Aunt Polly. I have made many decorations for that boat. It is filled with my windows and lanterns, in spite of which every little while he sends for me to see whether or not there is another hole he can punch somewhere to put in a window.

"These marine mosaics are especially adapted for houseboats and yachts; things from the sea, you know, for homes on the sea.

"I have also made a series of windows for Mr. Smith's yacht. I have made a window of grapes, one of oranges, deep blood red pebbles in the shape of oranges, one of apples, one of hydrangeas, one of lilies and one of roses. This little panel you like so well is made of cockleshells."

After all, why should one go to Paris to study art with Shelter Island here?

There was another lamp, an ecclesiastical or chancel reading lamp, the artist called it, very beautiful, with Alpha and Omega and the cross defined by means of pebbles and shells. Another, a Spanish lamp, was fashioned of grapes less purple than Tokay.

A fire screen in which a mermaid disported showed scales made of infinitesimal jingle shells. A little brook of bubbling bits of broken glass gleamed radiantly.

There was a fire screen of lilies, made of ordinary everyday oyster shells, the artist said, deftly turned to lilies by polish and arrangement. Those oyster shells must have been surprised at themselves, hanging radiantly in the centre of a private view, being so admired.

There was a panel of fuchsias formed of clam shells cunningly disposed and highly polished. A panel of apple blossoms was formed of little jingle shells of a softly glittering white.